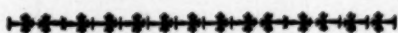


BURLESQUE ON
The Warbling Lyre.



GENTLY stir and blow the fire;
Lay the mutton down to roast;
Dress it quickly, I desire;
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove—
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
Oh! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye;
On the sweetest grass it fed.
Let the jack go swiftly round;
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth;
Let the knives be sharp and clean;
Pickles get, and Salad both;
Let them each be fresh and green.
With small beer, good ale, and wine,
Oh! ye gods, how I shall dine!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.